

Pray 4 Us

Trippie Redd

I used to think about immature things
You know, like, "Do you love me?
Do you want me?
Are you gonna call me like you said you would?
Is this really your real phone number?"
And this beat from Cash, not from YouTube

Yeah, you see-through
Bite from a snake, lethal
Woke up rockin' Evisu
You don't wanna stay, why keep you?
In the rain where I leave you
You ain't gang, why would I piece you?
Like, what's up?
More money, more love
AP, two-tone, I was outside with that chrome
Maybach ready to go
Look at my neck, it's covered in stones
Look at my yard, it's covered in bones
King of the hill, all of my family is royalty nigga, you better kneel
Don't gotta talk 'bout respect in this shit, you know the real
Don't gotta talk 'bout my blessings and shit, you know the real
I don't want that fake love, it ain't real
It ain't much to say, love, it's 2 AM
I'm crazy 'bout your love
Go over and above
You know I'm pourin' up, smokin' on the gas
I'm a demon in the night time, leave him in the past
When I fuck that bitch, she call me "Dad,"
She say that's the best love that she ever had
Shit, you gotta get in your bag
You gotta get to the cash, you gotta get it in digital dash
Steppin' on shit, keep a Glock and mask
Turnin' your plaid tie-dye
Throwin' up bands in G5, double C bag on TY
Don't wanna see him reachin'
It's late night and we creepin'
This her class but I teach her
I don't give a shit in my ox fur
Better go get you a doctor
Better go get you a Perc'
That boy in pain, he hurt
Leave that lil' bitch in the dirt
Put the lil' bitch on a shirt
Candlelight shit, fly high
R.I.P. Spook, R.I.P. 9, see a opp, then drop me the dime
We ain't worried 'bout shit or time
Leave that boy stinkin', hard time
Psycho, out of my mind
I think I'm Picasso, I'm paintin' your ride, uh
Red rum, hundred shots, pussy, you're done
Run up the bread, it was crumbs
Now I got a damn green thumb
Now I got a pair of green lungs
My momma told me the devil a liar
My auntie in here speakin' tongues
I'll get to the top, I'ma lunge

I know I'm the shit but they'll never plunge
My Draco got kick, so you better run
I'm takin' a pic with my bitch in the sun, yeah
That boy Michael Vick, that boy like to run
I'm out with the gang, no clique, no squad
You know we the gang, you know we the mob